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For the Herald and Journal.

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

At the School of the Prophets, ye called
Of the Lord, his gospel of might to proclaim;
At the school, by his spirit installed,
God on your strong armor to fight in his name.

Drink deep of the fountains of truth from his word,
Of biblical lore let the uttermost mind
With ardent's warm glow let your bosoms be stirred,
To lay up the treasures of wisdom divine.

Shall ignorance flatter lift up her dull head,
And, blind as the blind, lead on without aim?
Shall wisdom's best blossoms lie withered and dead,
For lack of the waters of knowledge? O, shame!

No! God giveth talents, lays out the wide field
Of mental endeavor, and then, it is plain,
Our duty, as clear as the light, like the sun,
To improve on our gifts, like the mower's gain.

The School of the Prophets is open—O hear,
Ye workers preparing to work for the Lord;
Like clouds, and as doves to their windows, appear
To seek for the riches hid deep in his word.

Hail! lights of the church! hail! ye sons of devotion,
A banner is ready to float on the air;
And its motto is "Knowledge!" leaved with emotion,
True holiness graced places it there.

Ah! would that the invalid writer could seize,
With health in his veins, on the flag as unfurled,
And fling the banner abroad to the breeze,
Declare the glad tidings of truth to the world.

London, Va.

For the Herald and Journal.

FINANCIAL CIRCULAR.

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE M. E.
CHURCH IN THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

Dear Brethren,—We have delayed the publication of the remaining numbers of our circular, a few weeks, on account of the late unusual press of matter on the columns of the Herald. In our previous articles, we called your attention, *First*, to the facts relative to the alarming deficiency in the receipts of your ministers, during the past year; and *Secondly*, to the causes of this state of things. We now invite your attention,

III. To the tendency of this state of things.—If the facts relating to the deficiency of your ministers, which we have spread before you, be correct, and we have traced these facts to their legitimate causes, a state of things in our church in this Conference is presented, which can but be disastrous in its tendency upon all our denominational interests. Particularly we remark,

1. *It is oppressive in its bearing upon the pecuniary interest of your ministers.* We cannot persuade ourselves that you are apprised of its bearing in this respect; for it is of such an extraordinary character, we can but think that, if you have turned your attention to it, it must have amazed you, generally, to a determined effort to correct the evil. We have the surprising announcement to make, that each minister in this Conference has paid, during the past year, for the support of the gospel among you, as much as every fifty-two members of the church! This will appear by a reference to the following facts: If you number, in this Conference, 20,000 members, as stated in the Minutes, and have raised for the support of the ministers laboring among you, but about \$37,000, you have paid an average of but about one dollar and six cents each; whereas, if it was cost the ministers an average of over three hundred dollars each, to live, as we have seen it must, while they have actually received an average of but about two hundred dollars each, (including in the calculation the superannuated men,) it follows, that they have actually paid for the support of the gospel among you, or which is the same thing, they have paid, in the way of sustaining themselves, while preaching the gospel among you, an average of about one hundred dollars each! You have paid for the support of the gospel the past year, an average of \$190 each, and the ministers an average of \$100 each; so that each minister has paid as much as every fifty-two of the members.

To illustrate, still further, the oppressive bearing of this, suppose that one of you was engaged in a business which first furnished you and your family the means of living, and no more; and then you were required to pay out of this bare living, one hundred dollars a year for the support of the gospel, would you not feel greatly oppressed? Is it less oppressive for your minister to pay one hundred dollars a year out of his actual living, for the support of the gospel, than it is for you? The ministers in this Conference, superannuated and effective, have paid, during the past year, out of their actual living, in the form of deficiency, the surprising sum of at least \$18,000. And the conviction forces itself upon us, that a reference to our missionary reports, would prove that your ministers have paid for the support of the gospel among you, during the past year, as much as you, all have paid during the past ten years, to extend the benefits of the gospel to the eight hundred millions of your brethren in heathen lands, who are perishing for the bread of life. You cannot fail to perceive, therefore, that this state of things is exceedingly oppressive in its bearing upon the pecuniary interests of your ministers.

2. *It is oppressive in its bearing upon the feelings of your ministers.* Such a great and crying deficiency in their receipts, must, very naturally, lead them to the conclusion that their services are not appreciated. How could it be otherwise, that they should be forced to such a conclusion as this, when they have labored on from year to year, in a course of waning and prostrating toil, and have constantly fallen short of a competent subsistence for themselves and families? And as to the oppressive bearing of this upon their feelings, we are well assured that no mortal man can appreciate it but those who have actually experienced it. We are not extensively advised as to the experience of individuals generally, among your ministers; there is one individual, however, among them, with whose history we are perfectly familiar; and from it, though it is not presented as a case, but as a more barren present incident that most of others, we will present an illustrative fact or two. He served you ten years as a single man, and for this ten years service he received something short of the ordinary blessing of Providence, he could have received a \$1000 a year, during the whole time, in the useful and honorable employment of teaching; and one year, during the time, he had the misfortune to lose one hundred and twenty dollars, in the death of his horse, and otherwise; and he received of the people, with whom he labored, for his services, and to make up his provision, the sum of seventy-five dollars; and the very next year, in another field, he received but eighteen dollars for his services; so that, during those two years, he received twenty-seven dollars less than the amount which he actually lost; and twenty-seven dollars besides; and probably

the wear and tear upon his constitution was never greater, during the whole course of his ministry, than during those two years. This, indeed, is a single case, and some may think it is one which seldom has a parallel; but from actual observation, we are inclined to the opinion, that cases equally, and even more oppressive, are of much more frequent occurrence than is generally believed. Is it not, therefore, emphatically true, that "if, in this life, only," Methodist ministers "have hope, they are, of all men, the most miserable."

The great body of the men who are receiving but a scanty annual pittance, as your ministers, are men who have the ability to succeed in the lucrative professions, and the various departments of business, as well as any of you; but for Christ's sake, and for souls' sake, and for your sake, they have abandoned all their worldly prospects, with no other hope, so far as this world is concerned, of receiving but merely a subsistence for themselves and families, and inheriting an early grave; but when, from year to year, they are constantly embarrassed in accomplishing the purposes of their ministry, by falling short, by about one-third, of receiving even a subsistence, cannot fail to grind heavily upon their feelings. These men "are in an evil case." On the one hand, an awful sound is ringing in their ears, "Wo is me if I preach not the gospel!" while on the other, the church, by her fearful delinquency, is sending them into "this warfare at their own charges." If there were a deficiency of peculiar ability on the part of the church, it would be an alleviating circumstance; but we think it can, by no means, be justly plead that there is. Indeed, we awfully fear that there is annually expended among our people, a much greater sum for articles which are not only useless, but positively injurious, than is expended to sustain the institutions of the gospel. A growing conviction that this is no fancy sketch, but a picture fully authorized by facts which are constantly developed all around us, can but be increasing heavy upon the feelings of your ministers. We would gladly spare you the pains of contemplating so dark a picture, but we cannot resist the conviction, that fidelity to the truth and interests of our Zion, imperiously require us to lay it before you.

Gardiner, Me., April 16.

M. HILL.
S. ALLEN.

For the Herald and Journal.

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

Dear Brother,—It does our hearts good to see a dash of your spirit occasionally, in the Herald, endeavoring to stir us up on the subject of Temperance. We need it now, if ever. At the sitting of the last Legislature, a good and wholesome law—as far as it goes—was enacted, for the regulation and suppression of the sale of ardent spirit. The law, and the framers of it, are held up to scorn and contempt by the rum power, and every effort is being made to seek its destruction, this coming session. Petitions are in circulation, as thick as tadpoles in summer. Every rum-seller, and all his bloated customers, are as active in obtaining signatures, as their master, the devil, is in ruining them. They talk with a positiveness of success, that shows that no stone will be left unturned, to accomplish their fiendish purposes. In many places, all political considerations are swallowed up by this great mammoth idea. Down with the law! Down with temperance! What are such men but destructionists, rum-Jews, or Jacobins? What is safe in their hands? In one town in the State, where most of the voters are on one side, they scraped up their candidates from the minority, and put them in, because they were men enough to pledge their votes against the present law. It is not a solitary instance that can be found among us.

It was thought the decision of the United States Court would throw the rum party all back. But not so. That decision has been like cold water to their thirsty souls, it is true, in prosecuting our enterprise. But on the other hand, it has wrought up the rumites to the utmost pitch of fury. The rum party embody wealth, obtained by the blood of souls, and a combined influence, that is truly formidable.

My fears that political rummies may, for a while, prevail, arises from the fact that we have a law now, and the recent decision of the U. S. Court may null the temperance hosts into a belief, that no counter action on our part is necessary. Nothing but "eternal vigilance" will keep what is gained. Are we willing to lose this mighty grasp upon power? Are we prepared to have temperance the order of the day again? God of justice and mercy, lend us thine aid, or all is lost.

Yours,
Mercer, Me., March 31.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE PARTING REQUEST.

I had finished my labors in M—, and was about to leave its people, perhaps for ever. The exercises of the last meeting were ended, and our farewells had been spoken, when I was called aside by two young ladies—mere girls of fourteen. I learned they had a parting request to make. What think you, dear reader, that request was, from girls so young? It was, that I would remember them in my prayers! And for what should I pray? That they might be entirely sanctified to God. The angels of God heard that request with delight, and they are my witnesses how faithfully I regarded it.

THE MARTYR SAINTS.

Is there no one that loves to wander about Zion, and the flowing brooks beneath, that wash their hallowed feet, and to sing on sacred harps the achievements of the saints? Is there no one warmed with the flame of their devotion, and touched near the heart with their patriotic sufferings, that will twin laurels to their sacred memory into the sweet numbers of immortal melody? Is the theme not soft enough for the refined ear of modern taste, or is it sacred for the song of the bard? But why should we call for the poets? Even now their praises sound angelic. Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they? "These are they," respond the choirs of heaven, "these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

One grand and peculiarly excellent character-

of the Christian religion is, that its resources are always in proportion to the wants of true professors. Of the wickedness and cruelty of men gathered about them with a mocking aspect, their Redeemer looks upon them with a tender countenance. If the calamities and sufferings of life embattle themselves thicker and thicker around them, the objects on which they have fixed their hopes beyond the grave, come into a better light, and fill their souls more abundantly with their heavenly relishes.—Pollock.

For the Herald and Journal.

THE MORNING VISIT.

It was a beautiful winter morning, and every conveyance had been chartered by the pleasure-loving people of T—, for a sleigh ride, when two modest females rung at my door. They were ushered in, and soon made known the object of their morning visit. What think you, dear reader, that object was? Was it to avail themselves of family friendship, to join in the excursion of the day? No, no! A nobler object was theirs; but before I mention the object, I will say a word of the individuals themselves.

One of them had once given her heart to the Savior, and entered the road which leads to heaven. But, poor child, she had met with persecution, where she ought to have received protection, and had turned aside by reason of the roughness of the way. After wandering some months away from God, she was now made willing to return. To ask me to pray for her, that she might be shielded from a persecuting father—this was the object of her morning visit.

The other, a pensive, distrustful soul, came to introduce her friend, and seek counsel and consolation for her own distrustful heart. But the affections of both were set on Heaven, and the object of their visit, while all around were feasting on the anticipated pleasures of the day, was to get help on their heavenward way.

For the Herald and Journal.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

Mr. Editor,—I perceive, by the last Herald, that Br. Coles persists in urging his claim to the exclusive authorship of the Index of Subjects in our Hymn Book. How this can consist with the facts to which I have called his attention, and which I will here briefly repeat, is a problem, which, to say the least, he has by no means solved. 1. My Index was prepared, and a copy of it in the hands of the Book Agents, a year or more before his was touched; and there is reason to believe that Br. Coles had access to it. 2. After this copy was destroyed, in the general destruction which took place at the burning of the Book Room, Br. Coles wrote me at Redding, Conn., informing me of the fact of its destruction, and requested me to furnish him with another copy, and incorporate it in the Hymns of the Supplement, all which I did according to order. 3. This copy Br. Coles acknowledged, in the presence of witnesses, at the last General Conference, he used in preparing the Index which was published in the Hymn Book. 4. The fact, that not far from two-thirds of the entire published Index, taken together, are substantially the same as mine, is strong evidence that he did not "steal" my property, but that he did "steal" the copy pretty freely, as he acknowledged. 5. In the same conversation in which Br. Coles made the above named acknowledgment, he was understood to explicitly concede the inaccuracy of the announcement of the Quarterly, which attributed to him the exclusive authorship of the Index. 6. After the publication of the Index, Br. Coles forwarded me a fine copy of the Hymn Book containing the Index, with my name on the outside of the cover, which I received at the time, and retain still, not as an adequate compensation for my services, but as an evidence of obligation for those services. I did not, however, suppose, at the time, that Br. Coles was under any obligation to me for those services, but that the "Concern" was the debtor, and that Br. Coles was merely its agent in that matter. Such are the facts which appear to me to have an important bearing upon the question whether Br. Coles is exclusively the author of that Index, as he maintains.

But Br. Coles strongly intimates, that I borrowed my Index from the English Hymn Book. I did, indeed, send down to the Provinces, and obtained of our neighbors, the Wesleyan missionaries, an English Hymn Book, and availed myself of all the aid I could get from it; and I procured all the assistance I could, from the Indexes of all other hymn books I could lay my hands on. This is what I never denied, and it never occurred to me, that the aid I received from the sources referred to, was at all inconsistent with the claim of having got that Index. Benson was greatly indebted to Henry, Doddridge, and Wesley, in the composition of his Commentary; but still it is Benson's Commentary. Wesley was similarly indebted to Bengelius for his commentary; still it is Wesley's Notes. But to come a little nearer home. It is by no means clear that Br. Coles is so deeply indebted to Cruden for his "Pocket Concordance," which he claims to have got up, as I am to the English Hymn Book for my Index. If my indebtedness to the English Hymn Book, is the circumstance on which Br. Coles bases the very serious imputation which he casts upon my "literary honesty," can he fail to perceive that he has laid himself liable to a similar imputation in respect to his Concordance, and precisely the same, according to his own showing, in respect to his Index? I will not urge upon him the serious imputation involved in the circumstance of his having repeatedly acknowledged, in private, his indebtedness to my Index, and then, apparently, so surprisingly denying it before the public; for I will yet hope that this mystery is susceptible of a satisfactory explanation.

Till this explanation is given, however, it might be regarded as a "grave" question, whether Br. Coles is the man to read us Down Easters a homily, as he does, on "literary honesty," or even on aspiring to "such a frail and empty bubble" as literary reputation, when, for three years, he has been publicly claiming, either in person, or by his representatives, the literary reputation of having made that Index, while I, sincerely supposing I was justly entitled to it, refrained from urging my claim till I was emphatically called out before the public.

But Br. Coles is "not quite correct" in his representation of my indebtedness to the English Hymn Book. He says that "Br. Hill's Index under the letter A, corresponds exactly with the one in the English Hymn Book, the words and the references only excepted;" whereas, the truth is, in all the references under the letter A, amounting to something rising 100, there is not one taken from the English Hymn Book. The most of the hymns, indeed, were found by the aid of the English Index, but the references indicating the hymns, were taken from our own book, and that, too, by a very laborious process; and this, I presume, is precisely the process which Br. Coles never went through, but is indebted to my Index

for all the references that were obtained in that way.

The process was this:—(1.) All the hymns referred to in the English Index, had to be looked out in the English Hymn Book, and the references amount to several thousands. (2.) Those hymns which are not in our Hymn Book, had to be sifted out of those which are. (3.) Then each particular hymn used, had to be looked out in our Hymn Book, then it had to be examined to see if it was appropriate to the subject under which I proposed to place it; and if it was found to be appropriate, after ascertaining its number in our book, it was set down. This laborious process we had to go through, not only with every hymn obtained in this way, but with every hymn as often as it was used under different subjects; so that instead of going carefully through the Hymn Book once, as Br. Coles said he did, I think we must have gone carefully through the Hymn Book, upon an average, between six and twelve times. So that it was no small affair to obtain the references which we did, by means of the English Index.

Br. Coles thinks it would be a difficult thing to prove that I bestowed more labor on that Index than he did. It strikes me as not difficult at all. As near as I can ascertain, there are something more than half of the references obtained by means of the English Index, and the process of obtaining them in that way is certainly not less laborious, as we have seen, than the way in which Br. Coles obtained what he selected; but in addition to more than half which I obtained by the aid of the English Index, I obtained a large amount in the same way he did. Again, he says his Index was made in the month of Dec., 1837, when he was "confined to a sick room, with inflammation of the lungs, and with frequent turns of bleeding, and great physical debility."

During this time and under these circumstances, he "did indeed perform the whole labor, [of making it] and much more." Now, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the month of Dec., 1837, nor any other month in the year, is not long enough for me, in my best estate, to do the labor I did, and was done under my direction, in getting up that Index, notwithstanding all Br. Coles reports me to have borrowed from the English Hymn Book. Unless, therefore, it can be proved that Geo. Coles is a very much "smarter man" (in the Yankee sense of this phrase) when he is sick, than Moses Hill is when he is well, the latter must have bestowed the most labor upon the Index.

Br. Coles is "not quite correct" in assuming, as he does, that I claimed, in my recent article, twice as much credit as he awarded me. The truth is, I made no such claim at all. I could not properly have filed in so exceedingly small a claim as he represents; for in reference to the published Index to which my claim and respect, he awards me just as credit as all, and inasmuch as twice *nothing* is *nothing*, my claim would still be just nothing at all, even if he should graciously admit it to be just twice as much as he allows. The truth is, I only claimed a frank acknowledgment of the facts in the case—the facts which, I regret to say, Br. Coles seems so surprisingly to evade. In conclusion, I wish to inquire of him if he thinks it at all probable that he would have engaged in the preparation of the Index he did, if he had not furnished mine the year before? If he was not acquainted with my Index, and expected to get some help from it, why did he, after the original copy was destroyed, send to me for another copy, and request me to incorporate it in the hymns of the Supplement? If he did not actually get help from it, why did he so repeatedly acknowledge it before witnesses in private, by admitting the inaccuracy of the announcement of the Quarterly, by admitting directly that he obtained help from it, and by sending me a copy of the Hymn Book, as an acknowledgment of it? And, particularly, if he did not get the references from my Index which were obtained by the aid of the English Index, I wish to inquire how he did get them. Did he go through with the laborious process which I have stated?

I regret, exceedingly, Mr. Editor, that it has seemed necessary to tax you or your readers with this personal controversy, but others whose judgment I am bound to respect thought that the interests of truth demanded a full statement of the facts connected with the origin of the "Index." This I have now made, so far as I have been apprised of them, and no circumstances, I trust, will induce me to trouble you further.

Gardiner, Me., April 13. M. HILL.

VOLTAIRE'S PLAN TO REBUILD THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

Among the many excellent remarks which have at different times appeared in your pages, relative to the inspired prophecies, I do not recollect to have seen any allusion to what has often struck me as one very strong corroboration of their truth. I mean the attempts which have been made, but in vain, to defeat their accomplishment. The modern state of the Jews is an invincible argument on this subject; but what I intend more particularly to urge at present, as an illustration of my remark, is the plan conceived by Julian, and revived by D'Alembert and Voltaire, to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem. I shall give the account of this transaction in the words of the Abbe Barruel.

"It is well known, what strength the Christian religion draws from the fulfilling of the prophecies, and particularly from those of Daniel, and of Christ himself, on the fate of the Jews and their temple. Julian, the apostate, in order to give the lie to Christ and to the prophet Daniel, sought to rebuild the temple. It is also known, that flames bursting forth from the earth, at divers times, and devouring the workmen, had obliged him to desist from the undertaking. D'Alembert was not ignorant of this act of the divine vengeance having been certified by a multitude of eye-witnesses. He had undoubtedly seen it recorded in Ammianus Marcellinus—an author of unquestionable authority, for he was the friend of Julian, and, like him, a Pagan. But this did not hinder him from writing to Voltaire, 'You probably know that at this present time there is in Berlin a Jew, who, expecting Mahomet's Paradise, is in the meantime gone to wait on your former disciple, in the name of the Sultan Mustapha. Writing to that country the other day, I mentioned, that if the king (of Prussia) would but say the word, it would be a fine opportunity to have the temple of Jerusalem rebuilt.'"

"That word was not said by the former disciple, and D'Alembert gives the following reason to Voltaire: 'I have no doubt that we should have succeeded in our negotiation for the rebuilding of the temple of the Jews, if your former disciple had not been afraid of losing some of his Jewish worshippers, who could have carried away thirty or forty millions of money with them.' Thus, in spite of all inclination to give the lie to the God of the Christians, even the sordid interest of the conspirators was to add a new proof to the truth of his doctrines.

"Voltaire had not, eighteen years after, given up the plan, nor lost all hopes of accomplishing it. Seeing that D'Alembert had not succeeded

with Frederic, he endeavored to prevail with the Empress of Russia. He writes to her, 'If your majesty is in regular correspondence with Ali Bey, I implore your protection with him; I have a little favor to ask of him; it is to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and to recall the Jews, who will pay him a large tribute, and thereby make a mighty lord of him.'

"Voltaire, when nearly eighty, still persisted in this plan, by which he was to prove to the people that Christ and his prophets were imposters." The truth of the circumstances attending Julian's attempt has been often called in question; but I think that no person can deliberately weigh the strong arguments of Bishop Warburton, in his treatise on this subject, without admitting both that the attempt was made, and that it was defeated in the manner described by Ammianus Marcellinus. Voltaire's plan seems to have been half in jest; though, had the project been favorably received, it could scarcely be doubted but that he would have pressed it in earnest. So much for the intention both of the ancient and modern Julian; as for the project itself, it would have proved nothing but the impiety of the deists, had it been put into execution; for, as the Abbe Gregoir, in speaking on this very subject, justly remarks, "The prophecies foretold that there should not remain one stone upon another, which has been strictly fulfilled; but they nowhere relate that the edifice should never be built."

PAYSON, A MAN OF PRAYER.

As a preacher, Payson was eminently prayerful. He was, in private intercourse with his divine Master, "Payson," said an elderly minister of Christ, respecting his prayer, "Payson does not need to go to the throne of grace, for he is always there." About the time I labored sixteen years, he said to me,—"Brother M., I would never leave my study without having first prayed." And he seemed to read the holy word with much prayer. He studied, he planned, he wrote, he pronounced his sermons, in prayer. He seemed to be habitually sensible that God only could give his words success; and such was his faith in the efficacy of prayer, that he once said to the writer, "If I really knew I needed two such worlds as this for my own private accommodation, I should no more hesitate to ask for them, than I should hesitate to ask for my daily bread." And exercising this faith in the efficacy of prayer, it is not strange that he should be much in prayer for the Holy Spirit to accompany his efforts in the ministry. Here was his chief dependence for success. For though his powers of oratory were far above most in the holy office, though his imagination was most inventive and brilliant, seldom surpassed, his memory remarkably tenacious, and his reading extensive, yet his dependence for success, I repeat it, was on the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit. This was seen in his sermons. It was specially seen in his addresses at the throne of grace. The assembly to whom he ministered, were, by his manner in prayer, made to feel that their minister leaned upon an Almighty arm, in his great work. They heard him address the Savior in such humble confidence, as to convince them that there was his only hope.—Christian Mirror.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure; we have it, but are continually losing it, we have the use of it, but are continually wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till his death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, that the quantity is not very great—he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our mortal, transient life! And yet men are very disposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing, than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day less a possession!"

MATCH VENDERS.

There are a certain class of parents in this city, mostly Germans, who make it a practice to send their children abroad each day, with trifling articles, to peddle in the streets and stores, and, in many instances, these little merchants are the only means of support to a large family. The business of selling matches has long been a means of employ to hundreds of children, of both sexes, and the persevering industry of many of these juvenile dealers in phosphorus and brimstone are often rewarded by daily wages that the stout laborer might envy. This success of their children has sometimes stimulated the cupidity of the parents to such a degree that they have fixed the sale, which each shall bring home at night, in some instances as high as six or eight shillings net earnings, and in case their child does not deposit the required amount at the conclusion of its daily pilgrimage, the innocent delinquent is often severely punished.

Such rapacity and heartlessness seems almost unnatural, and could scarcely be credited were not the facts indisputably substantiated, in too many instances. On Tuesday night last, during the terrific shower, which drove all pedestrians, except the watchful policeman, within doors, a little girl named Amelia Shriver, only nine years old, was found wandering about the streets of the 11th district, weeping bitterly. On being questioned in regard to the cause of her grief, she said that she had been sent out by her parents to sell matches, but that, from some cause, she had not been able to dispose of the entire contents of her basket, and dared not go home. The poor little girl had probably been partially overcome by the excessive heat of the day, and consequently not been so successful as usual.

She was taken to the station-house, and it being nearly midnight, officer Gleesing was instructed to take her home and remonstrate with her unnatural parents for thus forcing a child of her tender years to prefer the peltings of the storm and the lightning of heaven, to the watchful looks and stern words, if not blows, that would greet her, should she attempt to seek a shelter with those who were the authors of her being, and her natural guardians and protectors. We hope to be never forced again to record an instance of similar cruelty and suffering.

This account was published in one of the city papers, last week, and the same story was told in

most of the journals. We cut it out, at the time, designing to add a few words of our own experience; going, however, more to show the industry of these little foreigners, and the help they render to their parents, than to illustrate any harshness or unreasonable exaction on the part of the parents. Almost every morning, last winter, in coming to the office, we overtook a party of these little folks, four in number, of ages varying from seven or eight to twelve or thirteen, making their way through the cold and snow and darkness—it is rather dark at six o'clock of a winter morning—to a match factory in Twelfth street, where, as they told us, they worked from the first to the last glimpse of daylight.

It seems hard that such young creatures should be sent abroad at such unreasonable hours, and made to work so steadily, without an hour of recreation or enjoyment, except on the blessed Sabbath; but they seemed to be in vigorous health, and cheerful, for their tongues were running merrily in their native German, and every now and then they would break out in peals of joyous laughter which seemed to negative all possible idea of physical suffering, or even of privation. What may be done all this, for the development of their intellects, or the training of their immortal souls, is another question.—Commercial Advertiser.

EFFECTS OF PRAYER.

A woman came to Halle one day, and said to Augustus Hermann Franke, that it was as possible that the steeples should fall prostrate, as that she should lay down her hatred to her mother-in-law, who had so abused and outraged her that she could never be reconciled. Franke replied, "I am not surprised at your words, as I am persuaded that you are not able to reconcile yourself to your mother-in-law. You can be able only if you impute God's grace to do it. And now from my heart I ask you to promise me, that you will pray to God for a forgiving temper." The woman could not refuse. Some days after, she returned, and said, "Now I will go and be reconciled to my mother-in-law." She did so. Her own pastor asked her, why she had not done so before. She replied, "You admonished me to be reconciled, but did not tell me how to get a forgiving spirit by praying to God."

Philip James Spencer had a son of eminent talents, but perverse and extremely vicious. All means of love and persuasion were without success. The father could only pray, which he continued to do, that the Lord God might yet be pleased to save his son, at any time and in any way. The son fell sick; and while lying on his bed in distress of mind, nearly past the power of speech or motion, he suddenly started up, clasped his hands and exclaimed, "My father's prayers like mountains surround me!" Soon after his anxiety ceased—a sweet peace spread over his face—his malady came to a crisis, and the son was saved, in body and soul. He became another man. Spencer lived to see his son a respectable man, in public office, and happily married. Such was the change of his life after his conversion.

A GAMESTER'S CLOSE OF LIFE.

The Church of England Quarterly Review points a moral deduced from the life of a notorious gambler, known in England as "Riley of Bath," to all persons who are may be induced, to engage in this unlawful and dishonorable profession. Riley was both accomplished and gifted and he, for a time, lived a life of the most gorgeous luxury and extravagance. He was the companion of sovereigns; he squandered money with a profusion amounting to insanity, and won it by a good fortune that seemed connected with the supernatural. Nor was he free from generous and kind sentiments. He, on one occasion risked an entire colossal fortune, on the hazard of the die, against a Russian estate, the slaves on which he was desirous of restoring to freedom. He succeeded in his attempt, and accomplished his desire. Subsequently he ran a brief course of dazzling splendor; he lived in palaces, continued to play, became unlucky, and found fortune, and wealth and friends desert him. At length the once possessor of millions was seen wandering through the streets of London, naked, famished and penniless; and finally he had but faint embers and faded pompously every day, died of absolute starvation in one of the miserable alleys of the great metropolis.

SANCTIFICATION.

A friend of Archbishop Usher's, supposing that he had approximated very near to a state of sanctification, and was therefore more experimentally acquainted with its nature than almost any other Christian of his age, very earnestly solicited him to give his views on that point. Usher promised to comply with his friend's wishes, but some time having elapsed without his doing it, his friend charged him with remissness in the performance of his engagements. The archbishop answered, that he could not plead guilty to the charge, for the non-fulfillment of his promise had not arisen from neglect; but the more he had contemplated the subject, the more he discovered how very circumscribed his knowledge of it was, and he confessed himself totally inadequate to the task assigned him. "Mon," said he, "little understand what sanctification and the new creature mean; it is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up his heart continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt offering to Christ."

IN STORM, STYER ON.

The mariners sailing with St. Paul bore up against the tempest, whilst either art or industry could baffle them. Finding both to fail, and that they could not any longer bear up into the wind, they even let the ship drive. I have endeavored in these distemperate times, to hold up my spirits, and to steer them steadily. A happy peace here was the port whereto I desired to arrive. Now, alas! the storm grows too sturdy for the pilot. Hereafter all the skill I will use, is no skill at all, but even let my ship sail whither the winds send it.

Noah's ark was bound for no other port but preservation for the present, (that ship being all the harbor) not intending to find land, but to float on water. My my soul, (though not sailing to the desired haven,) only be kept from sinking in sorrow.

This comforts me, that the most weather-beaten vessel cannot properly be seized on for a wreck which hath any quick cattle remaining therein. My spirits are not as yet forfeited to despair, having one lively spark of hope in my heart, because God is even where he was before.—Fuller.

Iniquity tends to ruin.

the way of thousands over the storm swept manity. There
ness of death. a solemn expe-

that livid mouth, there was a fervor of hope and faith not to be mistaken. He was very young, and had probably been cut off in the first enthusiasm of his vocation, ere time, or the imperishable craving for human sympathy, had quenched the ardent religious fervor, which is so sincerely felt by many young novices on their first profession. I was very glad he died when he did, it was so glorious a look of triumph! Strange to say, the most unmeaning of all these faces was that of a woman who had been murdered. There was a mere vacant stare of surprise in his wide glaring eyes. The spirit seemed to have been so suddenly expelled from her mortal tenement, that she had left no trace of her passage forth. Near to his ghastly corpse stood a young man, who appeared to have fallen gently asleep, with that expression of utter weariness which is the very stamp of a broken heart.

THE CHAMBER OF THE DEAD.

I found myself in a large hall, constructed entirely of the white Maltese stone, the roof rising in the shape of a dome. It was lighted only from the top, so that although every object was perfectly distinct, the day could only penetrate within it, tempered by a kind of twilight shadow. The very first breath I drew in this dead house made me gasp and shiver. It was not precise:

cold; but there was a chill, and an indescribable heaviness on the air, which caused a most unpleasant sensation. It was some minutes before this feeling could be shaken off; at last I determined boldly to raise my eyes and look around. For a moment I could have fancied we had mi-

taken our way, and returned to that part of the vast convent which was inhabited by the living. The scene was very similar to that I had just witnessed in the chapel above, where the vesper service was being performed. Standing upright in niches cut in the wall, the forty monks were ranged round the room, twenty on either side of me, clothed in the complete costume of their order. At a superficial glance, they seemed all engaged in prayer; and very still and quiet they were, with their heads, from which the dark cov-

was thrown back, bent slightly over their clasped hands. Alongside of each one was an inscription, giving his name, and the date of his death, and it really required some such announcement to bring to my mind the full conviction that it was indeed on lifeless corpses I was gazing, for, except that all had the same uniform hue of dull, ghastly yellow, and the same fixity in the position of the eyes, there was nothing in their outward appearance to indicate that they had not been each one of them, a living, throbbing heart with life in his bosom. The flesh was firm, the limbs

tained their shape, the lips their color; the ve-
eye lashes and nails were perfectly preserved,
and the eyes themselves, though fixed as I have
said, did not look dead or rayless. It was a ter-
rific mockery of life, because so frightfully re-
I could see no difference between those mummie
and their death-like brethren up stairs; who
long confinement in the cloister, and strict adhe-
rence to the most severe of the monastic rule
have wasted their bodies, quenched the fire
in their eyes, and banished all expression from
their faces. But when I went nearer, in order to ex-
amine them regularly, one by one, I saw that the
Caucapuchins, who have thus the secret of triump
over death, were wonderfully young. They did
not seem to me to be near death at defiance, had altoget
er failed in one most important point. They had
preserved the bodies from decay; they had cloth
ed them in the garments they were wont to wear

they had so irrevocably banished the likeness of death; the skin, the hair, the hands, were as those of living beings; but, with all their art, they had been powerless to efface from the countenance of each one of these dead men the seal which the soul had stamped thereon as it departed. They had been able to give them the color which they had died; different according to their various temperament, but fixed, immutable, unchangeably eloquent of the exact frame of mind in which they had separately met that awful hour. It even seemed as though, in this expressive look (the last trace of spirit petrified, as it were, on the surface), might be read, not only the record of the life, but the whole history of their past lives, showing how the crowd now jumbled up

sinners, had departed in pence ; and how the dis-
appointed, ambitious soul had clung to a life
which years of asceticism had vainly sought to re-
nder odious. It is sufficient, however, to look on
once in their faces to lose instantaneously the e-
ssence of the dream, and to see the reality of the
first pence. The initiation of life, cunning as it
is, fails altogether before this palpable evidence
of their having undergone the last dread trial of
the body nearest me, which was that of a
old man, had a countenance which would have
told its tale clearly to the most careless observer
of the human face. The eyes were sunken, the
face, that death had been to him a glad release
he had waited, he had wished for it ; and when it
came, he had resigned himself to its power, as
children sink to sleep on its mother's breast. The
strong lines round the shriveled lips, the deep
furrowed brow, the hollow eye, all told of
very bitter, of that long struggle with sorrow
which can make existence a load most gladly
laid aside. But there was a sublimity of repro-

upon that old man's face, which life could never have known. And the next! I wish I could forget the awful face of the next in order; but I know I never shall. The expression of that countenance will never cease to haunt me! The fierce scowl on the forehead, the eyes starting from their sockets, the lips convulsively drawn back, so as to show the sharp, white teeth firmly clenched, all told an unwillingness to die—an utter dread of dissolution, which it is frightful to think of! Here were, indeed, again the traces of a conflict, but a conflict with death itself. It was easy to see how madly, how wildly, he had struggled to retain his hold on life, and how he had lost it.

escaped, it had written on his face the record of that last hour, as one of most intense despair. Assuredly this man must have been a slave to the memory of some great crime, which made him so very a coward in presence of his invincible foe; or else—for he seemed to young for that—he may have had one of those morbid, restless spirits of inquiry which ever drove him to those burial places, that he might rifle the secrets of the grave, to learn the details of the universal doom. Till he was seized with a frantic horror for this individual corruption which awaited him, such as I have known men to undergo with the same fearful fate. He but too soon fought with the King of Terrors, and had been subdued, but the struggle had been a dire one, and what rendered this yet more striking, was the mock resignation with which the hands he had been folded together after death. I was glad to pass on, though it was to look on a corpse which could only inspire disgust; it was so evident that

his one had died even as the beasts that perish. His heavy features were full of sordid indifference; he could not have foreseen that his hour of death was come; or, if he did, his must have been the gloom of those narrow, grovelling souls, who complete their life filled with the recurrence of life to waste and suffering, and look beyond it, and question eternities. Next to him was one who had expired in extreme suffering, from some terrible disease; his face told of nothing save bodily pain; but so expressed that I was told it was of this, that it was scarce possible to believe that he was even then in great agony. Again, I could have looked forever on the face of him who stood next in the line. The expression on the face of the dead is beautiful, it may be infinitely more so than it ever was while living; and in the still eyes of the

corpse, in the sweet smile that brightened even

and had minutely examined the features of about twenty of this ghostly company, I was seized with a very strange hallucination. On entering the presence of these forty monks, I had been fully aware, of course, that they were all dead, and I alone was living; and now I was equally conscious that there was some vast difference between the present state of my grisly hosts and my own; only, after I had gone from one to another, ever meeting the gaze of their meaning eyes and

gathering such volumes of eloquence from their still lips, I could almost have believed that they were all living, and I myself dead, or in a dream! It was quite time to hold some communication with the living, when assailed by such fancies as these, and I turned to look for my guide, with a strong desire to enter into conversation with him. I looked round and round in vain. I counted forty-one monks, therefore the living man must be amongst them, but the exact similarity of dress, and the motionless attitude with which he had instilled himself between two of his lifeless companions, made it no easy matter to distinguish him. When I did find him out, the question with which I addressed him would have been considered possibly unfeeling in more polite society: it was, if he himself would one day

take his place in this strange sepulchre. "Assuredly!" he answered, with more vivacity than he had yet displayed, "and this one must now way for me," he continued with a grim smile of satisfaction, at the same time dealing a light blow with his bunch of keys on the shoulder of one of the corpses, which caused the bones to rattle with a sound so horrible, that I flew to the door, and begged him to open it, that I might escape from this dreadful room. I had had quite enough of the society, certainly not enlivening, of the Capuchins, both living and dead: indeed, create

whole, I rather give the preference to the latter for we claim no kindred to the dead; whereas, it must always be painful to come in contact with a fellow creature so devoid of human feeling as this old man seemed to be. He afterwards conducted me through the whole of the convent, at least of that part of it to which strangers are admitted. It is very extensive, but principally reserved for the use of the monks. I saw many a man made more of the strange sight I had witnessed. As this order is composed of the most rigorous, the brotherhood is composed of the most pious men who have committed some crime, or been threatened with the vengeance of law, or sought shelter for refuge from the vengeance of law, or the yet sterner justice of their own conscience. Judging from the countenances of those I saw, I should say they had sought all mental rest in vain; and so indeed it must have been. It was scarcely possible that the quiet of the cloister should have any effect on them; for it is start-

The great comprehensive truths, says Pres Quincy, written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness

HINDOO FABLE—THIEF'S EXPEDIENT.

There is a fable among the Hindoos, that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, thought upon an expedient by which he might be rescued from death. He sent for the jailor, and told him that he had a secret to disclose to the king, and when he had done so he would be ready to die: The King sent for him to know what this secret was. He told him he knew the art of producing trees that should bear gold. The king, accompanied by his prime ministers, courtiers, and priests, came with the thief to a certain spot, where they began their incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that it was the seed of a golden tree, and saying, "I have now sown the seed of a golden tree, which will grow up in a few days, and bear golden fruit."

The King replied:—"When I was a boy I remember taking something from my father, which although a trifle, prevents my being the person. I pass it, therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter said:—"I receive the taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest? I therefore give it to the priest."

exclaimed,—“I know not why we should not all four be hanged, since not one of us is honest.”

The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the thief that he granted him a pardon.

A wicked man is the worst of creatures, a wicked Christian is the worst of men, and a wicked minister the worst of Christians.

TERMS

OF THE HERALD AND JOURNAL.

§3.—The Association of brethren who undertake the risk and care of publishing this Paper, do solely for the benefit of our Church and the cause of Christ, without receiving any fee or reward whatever for their services. The profits that accrue, after paying the necessary expenses of publishing, are paid to the Eastend, Maine, New Hampshire, Providence and Ver-

2. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Providence, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Conferences, are authorized agents, to whom no payment may be made.
3. All Communications designed for publication, should be addressed to the Editor, at Boston, post paid.
4. Letters on business should be addressed to the Agent, at Boston, and be post paid, unless containing \$10.00 or five new subscribers.
5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving fact, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers in *full* and the name of the *Post Office* to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no mistake.



Departed hours !
 'Tis pleasant, n
 From the dim sha
 Once more to s
 To look aew the
 The hand of Ti
 To call our lost o
 Our loved ones
 'Tis sweet to mas
 Upon the look a
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The thoughts they be
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O, there is bliss int
Of life's departed
Duxbury, April, 1847.

For the Herald

BIBLICAL

DANVILLE DISTRICT

Br. Stevens,—I have read with and perfect astonishment your article from Br. Williams, in the inst. As that article is a masterpiece it must devolve on me to say anything certainly. I cannot suff-

of the Danville District to go uncorrected. But in reply to Br. Williams' statement showing the cause which brought them together at Lyndon. A meeting called by Br. Willitt, at Newport to be a meeting *in part* of the Conference, of importance, in connection with the interests of the Seminary preachers was in conference of the trustees, so the trustees into these important meetings anything published to the members of Conference to the meeting, until the whole situation. And the first one would be, that their Seminary "Biblical Institute," but a

A President, Professors, lecturers, all. Five trustees attended, of whom was a Conference trustee, a conference preacher, beside the preachers' meeting; two or three present, who were not members. Of course, they could not do business.

Four members of Conference were present for the adoption of the plan by Br. Willet. One preacher present, and two voted not at all. The following is the substance of what will be understood by reading the report of their Secretary:

The following is the substance of the resolutions passed at a preachers' meeting held at the residence of

Resolved, That we instruct our District to appoint a *President* for New York, who shall have the general oversight of the work of the District, both Biblical and scientific.

Resolved, That we instruct our District to appropriate an *endowment* of \$10,000, for said *Seminary*.

Resolved, That we instruct our District to appoint a *Teachers' department* in New York.

Resolved, That the trustees of the District appoint a *Financial Secretary* for New York.

Resolved, That we instruct our District to appoint a *St. Johnsburg Centre, Ap*

Immediately after the "meeting of preachers" from the "Conference," several preachers of the District held a consultation.

our Seminary would be ruin
ruin to our Seminary, it was
have a District Preachers' M
diately, and review these
Accordingly, a committee w
sult the Presiding Elder, an
such a meeting was to be c
that committee, I called on
I told him the wishes of the
"District Preachers' Meeting
time, stated that we did not
without his

He could attend himself. It was his duty to see the preachers together and settle the Seminary debt. He seemed at first, that if we held such a meeting, it would be best to review the proceedings of the last meeting, but finally said, "I will not subject you to a subject might do good, and I will not, and have him bring up the subject at the use of the meeting. The statement to me for not having a name," was this:—He had met the other Presiding Elder, and we wished to have our names read. He said, "It would not look well in my own name, unless I read there myself;" but others said, if he did not attend the meeting Elders at Barre, he would not meet with us. The meeting with us.

I reminded him of the conference meeting was called, and asked him not to object to having it called. He replied, "I should have been a fool to object before it was called, but I suppose it was not very wise to object at this time." He then said he would not attend the meeting, but he should call the affair.

Br. Williams, under these circumstances, came out in the Herald, and in the course of his address, in calling the meeting in the afternoon, he said: